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THE

WAR CRY

JANUARY 1ST 1898

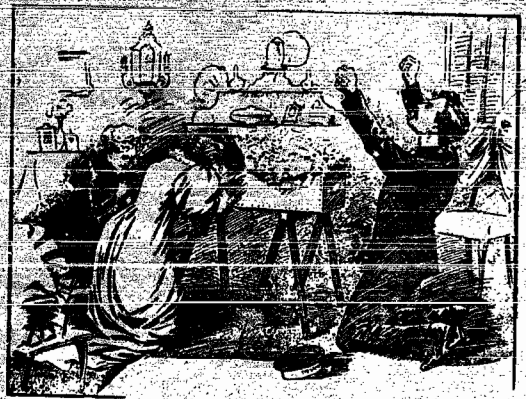


JE Laughton 97

NEARER THE CROSS FOR '98.—THE FIELD COMMISSIONER.

ut each day seemed to bring me nearer to that which I longed to leave behind. I was still ensnared by the habits from which I could no longer derive any pleasure. The fear of man kept me from enjoying the liberty with which Christ calls to make His children free."

It was generally after such experience that Florence sought the quiet of the little room at Hammermith, where the sound of Hyacinth's baby-voice singing the hymns of Zion still seemed to linger



and the shadow of the angel's face to hover over her.
Her baby was, she knew, in the presence of the Father, and this consciousness of a pair of

Woe White Wings

somewhat stilled the angry storm within her breast, and did more than any thing else to cheer her.
One day in late autumn another babe came to nestle in Florence's arms. Not a brilliant white like Hyacinth's Mary, but a quiet, sweet-tempered little maid, who seemed just suited to Florence's character. She was welcomed under the Army flag, and as soon as she could slip was made familiar with the name of Jesus. Florence often took her to the grave at Kensal Green and spoke to her of her sister among the angels while she strewed flowers upon the little grave.

Little by little Florence learned to dissociate the memory of her darling from the few feet of earth beneath which the body of her child had been laid. Hyacinth was not there—only the shell that had once enshrined the spirit so full of possibilities and so soon borne from her sight to blossom in

A Fairer Clime.

It became more and more difficult to realize that her first-born had ever died. Among the things which were more natural to feel her near when alone with God in the chamber which had once contained her little crib. At this time she needed all the strength to be derived from prayer and daily communion with God, for

A Fiery Ordeal.

awaited her. She was to accompany her husband on a two-months' theatrical tour with the same company to which she had once played the role of leading lady. She dreaded the thought of daily and hourly contact with the worldling whose manner of life she had renounced. It was an understood thing that she would do no acting.

(To be Continued.)

(Serial.)

FLORENCE WORTH.

From the Stage to the Salvation Army.

N.B.—Crowded out of the Christmas War Cry. Should be read previous to matter on page 2.

CHAPTER VIII.

WE left Florence in that frame of mind in which one is tempted to imagine that the depths of woe have been sounded and there can be no darker tunnel than the one we are passing through. The many real trials, and the repression she was called upon to practice every hour, threatened to make her overlook the one bright ray across her otherwise dark path. Still, Baby Hyacinth was a link which held her more firmly to goodness than she was herself capable of. The memory of her own starved baby-soul made her tender with her child, and in such leisure as she could command, she still talked to her of Jesus and taught her Army hymns and choruses.
Sometimes when "Baby was ensconced in a big arm-chair or seated on a hassock at her mother's feet with her chubby back resting on her plump little hand, Florence would talk to her of the Good Shepherd and the Friend of little children, and Hyacinth would suddenly interrupt her to ask, "Is that

Dadus so B'edeen' Lamb?"

and then, when reassured that He was one and the same, who would give a satisfied nod and listen gravely to the story her mother was telling her, and finish up with her favorite chorus—
"Oh, the Lamb, the Bleeding Lamb,
The Lamb of Calvary."

Whilst at Baywater, Hyacinth went to Wembley, on a visit to a relative, and whilst there took whooping-cough, which caused her parents to remove to Hamersmith in the spring, thinking that change of air and the delightful walks and drives round Kew and Richmond would so long way towards curing their darling. It was not long, however, that a fact which made both Florence and her husband anxious about their little "Sunshine." If there was one point on which both parents were agreed, it was in loving their children. They took a house facing the river, and felt pardonable pride as "Baby" started for her first ride, perched in her bassinet, looking

that glad Spring morning. The sky was serene, and a lark was singing joyously overhead, while everywhere now life was springing.

"There is a river that flows
Where'er we go,
No sand so dry and thirsty
But these strange waters flow.

And where the Good Shepherd leadeth
To pastures green,
Even the dark, 'still waters'
Of death are seen.

Even through throbbing hearts of cities,
In the heat of the day,
The cool, dark river passeth
On its silent way.

What a merciful Providence that is which veils our eyes with regard to the steps that lie between us and eternity! Were it otherwise we should be so taken up with

The Unexpected Sunset.

which some of us are called to experience that we could never fix our minds on the beyond.

One night after the removal to Hamersmith, Florence stood upon the stage of a theatre in the role of a blind girl, who before the curtain fell exclaimed, "Life is nothing now to me; to do with me as you will." Though she knew it not, it was the last time she was to appear before the public in the character of an actress, for the tide had reached its ebb, and with the receding of the silent river the soul for which the devils were even then contending was to receive

A Duke Awakening.

When she reached home in the early hours of the morning, she found Baby Hyacinth tossing feverishly upon her little bed. "B'edeen' Lamb!" she said, "I'm so sorry for poor B'edeen' Lamb! Baby doin' to be B'edeen' Lamb, mamma."

A cold shiver ran through Florence as she took the feverish child in her arms and said:

"Some day, darling, but not yet. Mother cannot spare you."
Her only treasure—how could she live without her!

All through the night she watched beside Hyacinth's cot, and as soon as the new day dawned a doctor was sent for.

"The child has an attack of pneumonia," said he, "but she is very strong and unusually healthy, I should say." Still, he advised them to get a nurse, who would require constant attention. The nurse came, and the little sufferer grew worse, and a second doctor was consulted.

"The crisis is at hand," he said. Florence started. This was the first intimation she had received that she might

Loss Her Darling!

Immediately there was flashed into her mind the words, "Me will do now, mamma! Me so sorry for Desus—poor B'edeen' Lamb!"

"You will stay to-night, mother?" said Florence, in a voice so unlike herself that Mrs. Worth understood that her daughter feared the worst.

The world must laugh in spite of breaking hearts, and Hyacinth's father was at the theatre whilst his wife watched beside his darling child.

At about half-past one she heard the street door open, and went herself to break the terrible news: "Baby is dearerious," she said, "the doctor says the crisis is at hand."
"Then she must be christened at once," replied he; and, despite the lateness of the hour, he went in search of a clergyman, and shortly after returned, accompanied by a curate ready to perform the ceremony, which could do neither good nor harm—it would entitle her to what he termed

"Christian Burial."

when the time came for that event. A kindly, sympathetic, if not very prudently balanced man, the curate, who then was called upon to perform, because, forsooth, Mother Church said it was essential. With his heavy heart, Florence held Baby Hyacinth in her arms while the mystic rite was gone through.

"Will he pray?" thought Florence, a great yearning springing up in her heart for someone to help her in the gathering darkness. She dare not call upon Him Whom she had so long slighted. The spirit of prayer was dead within her, but she longed to hear someone talk to God, if perchance He might send healing to the fever-stricken baby in her arms. But she was doomed to disappointment. The curate manifested much sympathy for the afflicted parents and even remained until the

The Crisis Had Passed.

and the little sufferer was sleeping peacefully. Then he left the house, little thinking what a hungry soul he had left behind, or of the yearning pain and disappointment his silence had caused.

He was a well-meaning man, but felt diffident, as he afterwards explained, of praying in the house of an actor—for fear they might not like it. He might have acted differently had he thought to ask himself how much an excuse would weigh with God.

(Continued on Page 2)

"Ricky Rob."

A Story of the Social Reform Branch.

By MAJOR GABKIN.

When she gave up her engagement ring Rob said,

"I will Drink now with a Vengeance, Love or no Love."

He decided to sell his business, having no time now to attend to his store—pleasure and drink claiming chiefest thoughts.

Leaving home again he sank deeper and deeper into the pit of sin than ever. Night after night he went drunk to his room. Many nights he slept with whiskey bottles under the bed. The gipsy legacy which he had received at his father's death went in drink and gambling, as also did his previous \$3,500. Rob now stared him in the face. Repent, remorse, bitterness, seized his soul, ashamed of his

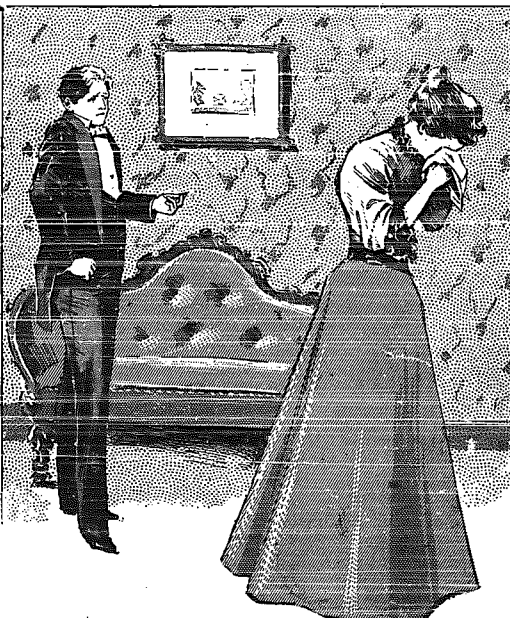
seriously contemplating going to the lake and plunging in, and ending his life of disgrace. He had once been in an Army meeting drunk, but all he could remember was that he gave \$5 to the collection. Going along the street with the intention of committing suicide, a sudden impulse seized him to go to the Army barracks again. "God moves in a mysterious way" and tears and prayers of his Godly parents were about to be answered. Half stupefied with drink, and miserable beyond description, memory brought back to Rob's mind the fact that one of his old mates had got saved and joined the Army, eventually becoming an officer in its ranks. Rob made his way to the nearest barracks, which was the Bowery corps, he hardly knows what happened in the meeting, but at the close he went to the penitent form, cried for mercy, and got converted.

Where could he go? Someone, however, sent him to the shelter Lifeboat, where he stayed assisting the cook for three weeks—weeks of terrible temptation they were, but Rob had made up his mind to serve God and do right, and thus by faith and prayer he triumphed. He was then transferred to the Industrial Farm, where for seven months he has acted in the capacity of cook, each day gaining strength and growing in grace. He is also

Schoolmaster of the Night School,

there, and is a blessing to the institution and the men who enter from time to time.

I found him the other day busy sweeping up and cleaning after the Colonists



"I WILL DRINK NOW WITH A VENGEANCE, LOVE OR NO LOVE."

wicked conduct, Rob decided to come to Canada, hoping by getting away from old associates to turn over a new leaf. But, alas! crossing the Atlantic Rob got intoxicated and eventually

Landed in Canada no Better than He Left England.

But he was not to be left unhelped. His mother had seen the Army and loved it, and one day, meeting an Auxiliary, she told this lady the story of her wayward boy, and his determination to go to Canada. This friend suggested that his passage be booked through the Salvation Army Shipping Agency. This was arranged, and he embarked for Canada, receiving a Credit Note for cash, which was to be paid on application to the Salvation Army Headquarters, in Toronto. This was the first time Rob had been brought into contact with the S. A., but so far as he was concerned this occasion did not count for much, for all Rob wanted the Army for was to get his Credit Note cashed and get some drink.

Money in the hands of a drunkard very soon finds its way into the saloon-keeper's till, and three weeks of hard drinking found Rob

Alone in a Strange Country, Without Money, Without Employment, and an Outcast.

had had dinner. It was a pouring wet day, so we sat down beside the stove and Rob told me his story.

Said he, in conclusion, "When I was drinking I would not have stopped if you gave me \$100, but now I have complete and glorious victory. I am well in skin, happy and contented. I have no desire to drink, I hate it, and if that table was filled with bottles of whiskey, I should smash the lot. Last Christmas I had plenty of money, but was a miserable drunken slave, suffering from the tortures after a heavy drinking bout. This Christmas I shall spend on the Salvation Army Farm, surrounded by good influences, and people who love God. Thank God for the Farm, it is the door of hope to hundreds of men such as I was."

Reader, beware of the "first glass." Neither touch, taste, nor handle it.

IMMIGRATION.—"BEATERS LEAVE OF AND STRANGERS" between Canada and the Old Country.—To those who have an idea of going abroad we shall be pleased to furnish particulars of sailing accommodations and rates of passage given by the above Steamboat agents, who are the agents. For Salvationists we can offer special rates for either first, second or third class passages by any of the Canadian lines of boats. Full information may be had from STAFF-CAPTAIN SERRIER, corner James and Albert Streets, Toronto.

Like a Little Queen

and with a large fluffy toy rabbit tucked under one arm.
There was nothing to mar the scene

MRS. READ AND THE RESCUE WAIFS

At Bathurst St. Methodist Church,
Toronto.

(Special.)

In response to a special invitation from Rev. C. O. Johnson, a brigade of little songsters from the Children's Home were present and sang at the Bathurst St. Methodist Church, on Sunday evening, in connection with the Pastor's sermon on neglected children.

Mrs. Read was called upon to speak. She riveted the attention of the thronged building by her touching stories of our work among the children.

The plaintive strains of "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild" in the child's shrill voices, captivated the congregation.

The Rev. C. O. Johnson, in the course of his forcible remarks, described the unhappy children of this age as being mortgaged to sin, and emphatically commended the efforts which the Army were putting forth to relieve the spiritual and temporal disadvantages under which so many little ones labor.

A touching little incident occurred during the sermon. One of the little Army proteges had fallen asleep with her head on Mrs. Read's knee. The Pastor, noticing this, remarked, "I would that every outcast little one in the city had a Christian woman's knee to pillow its head upon."

At the conclusion of Mrs. Read's address, the Rev. C. O. Johnson said, "It is only they know how to fire a volley they would do so, but under the circumstances, he suggested that an appropriate response might be made by the dropping of gifts for the Army's work amongst the children on the collecting plate held at the church door. Also saying that the hundreds of a sum of money which had come into his hands should be handed over to the Army Home. The audience manifested the warmest sympathy and practical interest in this branch of our work, many wishing the officers a hearty God-speed after the service."

BIG ADVANCE IN THE SOCIAL
REFORM BRANCH.Men's Hotel Opened at Spokane by the
Mayor of the City.

(Special.)

BRIGADIER HOWELL, the Chief Officer of the Pacific, advised us of the successful opening of a splendid Working Men's Hotel in Spokane. The Mayor of the city turned the key in the lock and declared the place opened. Newspapers gave excellent reports of the ceremony. It is expected that the Hotel will be a boon to many. Spokane is well up in the front now in Social work.

TRIPLTS.

MAJOR FRIEDRICH.

SIN avoids the light;
Salvation brings the light;
Sanctification is light.

Sin turns from God;
Salvation looks to God;
Sanctification possesses God.

Sin throws down;
Salvation lifts up;
Sanctification goes down to lift up.

Sin is the enemy of God;
Salvation is the gift of God;
Sanctification is the nature of God.

Sin is untruth;
Salvation is restoration to truth;
Sanctification is the exercise of truth.

Sin is self-indulgence;
Salvation is self-denial;
Sanctification is self-crucifixion.

Sin is blacker than night;
Salvation is whiter than snow;
Sanctification is clearer than crystal.

Sin brings sadness;
Salvation brings gladness;
Sanctification brings fullness.

Sin makes slaves of the devil;
Salvation produces servants of God;
Sanctification erases even the God.

Sin loves self;
Salvation loves Jesus;
Sanctification loves his neighbor.

Territorial • Themes.

BY THE TERRITORIAL SECRETARY.

One more year with its sorrows and joys, its difficulties and delights, its defeats and victories, has come and gone. How quickly it has fled by! How lengthy it appeared when we viewed it retrospectively! How short it seems now that we have passed it! How short a span is it! How important that we use our opportunities well, for, alas, they too will soon be gone! We cannot alter the past. What about the future?

This is a good opportunity, and possibly the very best time of all, at the commencement of the New Year, to first make out a full programme for '98, to secondly, determine by the grace and might of Jehovah, to carry it out, and thirdly, to cast yourself afresh at the Saviour's feet in that renewed consecration and invigorated faith that will ensure—should God spare you—the best year you have put in, in a year of one continued blessed victorious conflict with the forces of wrong and evil as far as your own heart and life is concerned, and an equally triumphant career of successful grappling with vice, and sin, and shame among those around you, resulting in their salvation through the Blood.

As far as T. H. Q. is concerned, thank God, we are not without a programme. If all becomes accomplished that is contemplated—if all that the Field Commissioner, purposes and is planning for, gets successfully carried through, we shall have a wonderful year indeed—wonderful with changes, wonderful with surprise—wonderful with advance. Shall we make it above all wonderful by the grace of Jesus in bringing home the message and blessing in the children to our Army fold?

One important feature of the New Year's programme is the coming of our revered and beloved General. He is reckoning upon having a wonderful time with us. Let us in our expectant calculations concerning him, depend upon the Holy Ghost to make the General to us individually all that blessing and help, enlightenment and encouragement that he himself is anxious to be, and which would cause disappointment to our hearts were he not. Let us do our part, and pray, believe and prepare to fight with all our might.

As mentioned in past Themes another Sledge is on foot, the outlines of which are well nigh completed. The months of March, April and May will be absorbed in one of most fiery and desperate, utterances in the forward the soul-saving part of our war, that the Territory has seen. A month of soul-saving, a month

of soldier-making, a month of getting candidates is briefly the idea. The Commissioner is working vigorously, getting the necessary machinery ready to put in motion.

The Spokane Men's Shelter has been successfully opened. His Worship, the Mayor, and other city dignitaries taking part in the ceremony, which was presided by Brigadier Howell. 35 beds and 100 meals were supplied the first day. More beds are being prepared, and a lively demand for them all is expected. God speed this new undertaking!

Brigadier Read has already undertaken his new duties at T. H. Q. and will in future home the Auxiliary Department. The Central Ontario Province is now divided into two sections, Staff-Captain Minnie being appointed to the Barrie Section, and Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Hargrave to the Toronto Section, both of whom will report to Major Gaskin, who also takes the direct oversight of the Toronto and Hamilton Men's Shelter.

Adj. Stenyon succeeds Staff-Captain Hargrave in the General Secretary's Department. Other people's quiet nests, too, are being disturbed. It will be well for you to be ready.

The first soul has been captured—saved on the Winnipeg Wood Limit, "and," adds Brigadier Bennett, "more are under conviction, everything is going well."

The J. S. Manual for '98 is now off the Press, and although it is certain the best yet, it is offered at 10c. less per copy than last year's.

The Eastern Province will do their S-D. between January 30th and February 5th. Major Pugmire is already "getting into steam," every pound of which he will need. Think not, however, that it is in the heart of "Eastern Warriors" to do any other than to have the records of the past a long way behind.

Brigadier Bennett is the first P. O. to announce this year's S-D. returns complete, and this year, as usual, has gone a long way over the target. No. 1 am not permitted here to state the amount, who's going to be the champion of '97 is still an undecided question.

The first ten Junior Cadets' cases have reached T. H. Q. and the distinctive honor of providing six of these.

over the Circle. Their target was a heavy one, \$250, but anyone who knows, the Captain knows that he can get the cash. He rode about 300 miles on horseback, the Lieutenant did a number of miles the same way. The Captain collected personally \$112, and the Lieutenant \$88. They have got the target and two dollars to the good.

Morden is small, but they have a large target, \$178 is no small amount to raise there. They have travelled many miles in rig holding meetings, all the places visited and have come in with \$182. Capt. Stokess, the Lieutenant and soldiers have done well for all this.

Our District target was \$148. We have got \$1,528.25. Every corps reached the target, and thus the District target was easily and well worked hard. Your humble servant wrote no less than eighty-six letters to these five corps on this effort.

T. H. COLLIER.

Major Collier Conducts S-D. Council
at Winnipeg.

Major Collier arranged a nice little Council to convene with his final S-D. meetings in Winnipeg. Emerson, Portage la Prairie, and Selkirk were represented, also the officers from the Shelter, Kootenai Home, and Provincial Office were present. The Major took us through the S-D. figures, also those in connection with the J. S. boom, and a few other matters. Then we had a few words of testimony all round, and the Major spoke to us on more spiritual matters for about twenty minutes. After a little prayer he closed the meeting, and all feeling better for being there and more determined than ever to fight and conquer. I might say that every corps in Winnipeg District reached the target.

CAPT. TOOK.

THE
GENERAL'S
APPROACHING
VISIT

Note the Dates and Make Arrangements to be there.

The largest possible buildings have been secured so as to enable the greatest possible number to see and hear the Army's great veteran—the Apostle of the Masses.

ST. JOHN, N.B.

January 18th—The Centenary Church.

January 19th and 20th—The Institute.

HALIFAX, N.S.

January 21st—The Academy.

January 22nd—Salvation Army Barracks.

January 23rd—The Academy.

MONTREAL.

January 25th and 26th—St. James' Church.

OTTAWA.

January 28th.

KINGSTON.

January 29th and 30th—Salvation Army Barracks.

PETERBORO.

January 31st—Opera House.

HAMILTON.

February 1st.

LONDON.

February 2nd—At Queen's Ave. Church.

TORONTO.

February 3rd to 6th.

February 3rd, 6th and 7th.

Fuller Particulars Later.



FAITH GROWS STRONG BY FEEDING ON THE PROMISES: THE WORD OF GOD IS ITS NATURAL FOOD.

A Watch-Night Reflection.

BY MISS BOOTH, FIELD COMMISSIONER.



HE question was asked by a little boy of some three years, after several minutes' watching the slow but surely-moving minute-hand of a large grandfather's clock.

"Why doesn't the clock stand still, mamma?"

"Because it was made to go, my darling," was the ready reply of the mother, who, lifting her eyes to the time-piece, seemed surprised that the end of the day was near.

It was a simple question—yet what a world of meaning those childish words contained. It was a simple answer—yet it grasped the solution of one of the mightiest mysteries of the universe.



The baby mind was impressed with the great fact which many have travelled to the end of life's journey and yet failed to discover—that Time's clock stands not still for space either great or small.

Since the Great Creator's Finger First Swung the Pendulum,

It has never slackened, stood still, nor stopped. Life's vast procession—some rich, some poor; some old, some young; some gay, giddy, and thoughtless; some good, holy, and pure—all march on to the grave and the hereafter with the tiron of that heavy time-keeper.

Yet how many of the throng seem utterly oblivious of the speed with which they advance.

Many Alarms have Rang Out

In the ears of men to convince them of the onward flight—and God's love has provided that none shall be without these impressive calls. Some have sounded from a dying bed to the sad watcher of a closing life; others in the merry laughter of little children, as it has fallen upon the ear of the aged, so clearly marking the rolling years; some in the approaching signs of each season—in winter's moaning winds and stormy blasts, and in spring's budding hedge-rows and feathered songsters' notes; while perhaps the loudest of all is the last chime of a past year's night, which would call every soul's attention to study the great question flung through our little stranger's lips.

Despite such reminders, few appear to realize that on the wing of Time we are all passing on and out. They do not stop, like Bertie, to look at the clock, or they would see Time's hands going round, would discern the ever-moving, changing features of the world around them. The birthday of fifty-five comes; did they but glance thoughtfully at Time's clock, they would read there that the biggest and best half of life's day had forever gone; but the claims of earth's ten thousand cares, its crowd of passing amusements, pre-occupy the mind, and they never notice how the minutes are flying, and how each

Morning Melts into Evening Like Snow Before the Thaw.

As we stand together on the threshold of another year, how many would like to catch with hands willing, the query of that little child, and ask, "Why won't the clock stand still while we just run back through 1897 and recall some of the scenes from which Time has borne us?"

How quick our feet would be to retrace the steps; to lift, perhaps, the cross of suffering and ignominy in that shady corner that we thought at the time could be so well left until a later day. But the chance has never crossed our path again. Then it seemed as though its condemning presence would hover around us forever; now, the call of a closing year only awakens its memory, and the soul that delayed discovery too late how the cross-bearing would have developed its character, and, by the lessons taught, have breathed into its life that fragrance which is only found where a heart is of help to others.

What a long way we would stretch our hands to grasp again

The Opportunities of all the "Yesterdays" Left to be Used on the "Tomorrows."

With what will, eager, breaking hearts we would retrieve the hours that have stained the fingers or the tongues or the spirits with the dye of wrong that has been done, or good that has been left undone!



THE FIELD COMMISSIONER.

Yet how often, alas! when confronted with such milestones on Time's winding road, do men fail to consider the bitterness of their past, and to take those God-provided steps for preventing the future from following in its train. Instead they make excuses, find reasons for their own shortcomings—come to them very full-sounding—but no excuse after Time's record; such after-smoothings can lighten no burden, can fade no stain. Some sins you term indiscretions, some you say were done in a hurry, but

Time Does not Write Them for that Reason in Faler Ink

You may plead that you only shared in the sin of others, that it was done in a crowd; but your iniquity is not marked thus on the face of life's dial, which keeps such faithful account and never puts the blame on to the wrong shoulder, nor makes a mistake in showing who is the guilty.

All the hours, all the days, all the months—the whole life on Time's clock.

What do we read there as we glance over the years already passed? Does it record failure where men anticipated success? Does it brand defeat where the world cried victory? Is it hid with shadow because the soul has fed on that which has no substance, and chosen the things which perish instead of eternal life?

But even while we reflect, we are being hurried along!

It is Not Enough to Think and Regret,

we must be quick to act—the space between life's morning and life's evening is so short. If the past has failed to be what it should have been, ought to have been and might have been, let its sorrowful memory be the force which shall draw you to the one great Source of Pardon for past transgressions, of Grace for the present battle, and Faith for future needs. Now! Now!! NOW!!! God has stamped as a life-warning upon the horizon of every man's soul. Use that "Now" well, and the future will not only prove spiritual progress for yourself, but blessing and profit for others.

For

Time is Not Eternity—

the clock will stop, and the pulse of its pendulum can never be re-quickened. Time was never meant to be with us always—as the mother answered the little boy, "It was made to go." Earth was to serve but as the staircase from which we should step to the father shore of an everlasting world. Man was made for something higher, nobler than the cramped space of this present life. His pilgrimage here is but to fit him for an abiding home above. God has purposed that from the time of the soul's awakening to intelligence, it should be growing, expanding, developing, rising, with each

fallen, ye picked me up; when I was friendless, ye stood by me; when I was hopeless, ye lighted the candle that dispelled the gloom; when I was a rebel against God's Love and Grace, ye brought me the dying message of the Cross and gave my poor heart to know the Power that could bring me—even me—into this Shining Place."

Be quick, O well, do much, be ready; for

The Clock may Stop Suddenly—

—it has done so with thousands. The old-fashioned grandfather's clock, in the sung, always stopped when the small hand pointed to twelve, but you have no such indication of the hour when your clock will stop. Your mother's stopped at sixty-three, your father's at seventy-five, but that is no guarantee that you'll do the same. You have seen his workings cease in the middle of a strong life of rebellion and of cruel neglect, and your own clock records the disaster, and soon forgotten you you made it that started hour to prepare for the Beyond.

Sinner! Backslider! Procrastinating, timid saint!

Bowse Yourself to Realize

while you may, that Time is passing by. Rise up, cut loose from the things that would drag you down, plunge into the depths of God's conquering Grace, take hold of His promises, and remembering the tears of Gethsemane, the love of Christ that died for the Son, make a new start for the future, and so all the time that when the clock stops it will be but the signal for the bringing in of a glad New Year that will know no closing.

EASTERN BLESSINGS.

Seven for Salvation—Four for Blessing.

In company with Ensign Adams I started off for Prince Edward Island, a lovely island, especially in Summer.

CHARLOTTETOWN we had a glorious time. Wednesday, Thursday and Friday were spent here, where the renowned Adj. McCallum and Capt. McIntyre are in command. We found them just in the thick of their S.-D. preparations, and at the close of the Wednesday night public meetings I met the soldiers for the purpose of bringing S.-D. before them. The soldiers were in good spirits. From our standpoint we thought the meetings were good, especially the half night of prayer on the Friday night. The Holy Ghost came upon the people in a marvellous manner. We secured pardon, and four for the blessing. Hallelujah!

We noticed signs of progress in the corps. The Adjutant and wife are much loved. We shared the hospitality of Mrs. Dorey, a staunch Army friend.

SUNSHINE was our next stopping place. Here dear old Father Hinton took us under his parental care. God bless him.

We had glorious times. Two men came to God and sat on the platform afterwards and gave their testimonies. Ensign Adams was instrumental in leading one of them out to the Merciful Seat.

Capt. Lorimer and Lieut. Green hold the fort. Success to them and to their S.-D. effort.

Summerside has a few real faithful, out-and-out soldiers who stand nobly by the Flag.

MONCTON. Here we were reinforced by Staff-Capt. Gage who had been to New-London, Chatham, and Ensign Edwards had arrangements well in hand. We scored two souls. There were some fresh faces on the platform. The Ensign and wife and Capt. Bradbury have the work at heart and they are supported by some whole-hearted soldiers.

A little "merry mix-out" as we call it to the house of the D. O. Congratulations.

PUGMIRE.

E. B. M. Provincial Agents' Appointments.

ENSIGN PERRY—North Sydney, Jan. 1; Sydney Mines, Jan. 2, 3; Glace Bay, Jan. 4; Port Morion, Jan. 5; Sydney, Jan. 6; Pugwash, Jan. 7.

CAPT. CUMMINS—Lady Bank, Jan. 1; Feersham, Jan. 2, 3; Owen Sound, Jan. 4; Chesley, Jan. 5; Warton, Jan. 6; Chesley, Jan. 7; Owen Sound, Jan. 8, 9; Lecky, Jan. 10; Port Morion, Jan. 11, 12; Barrie, Jan. 13, 14; Orillia, Jan. 15, 16; Midland, Jan. 17, 18; Port Huron, Jan. 19; Coldwater, Jan. 20; Orillia, Jan. 21.

ENSIGN MACKENZIE—Edmonton, Jan. 1, 2, 3; Calgary, Jan. 4, 5; Medicine Hat, Jan. 6; Regina, Jan. 7; Prince Albert, Jan. 8, 9, 10, 11; Carberry, Jan. 12, 13; Weyburn, Jan. 14, 15; Selkirk, Jan. 16, 17; Fort William, Jan. 18, 19, 20; Port Arthur, Jan. 21, 22.

lick of life's timepiece, by virtue of multitudinous stores of Grace, up from the frailty of human imperfection, into the life Divine. Are you wanting your time and talents, misusing your opportunities and powers of creating that which will be stolen; or are you building disinterested, ye visited me; when I was wicked, ye told me of my sin; when I was lost, ye found me; when I was

This is not Your Abiding City,

and God made your journey through it short, for the Fur-of Land is better, airer, and is for you! Have ready the Ticket of Life, and your arms well laden with the sheaves you have gathered during the fleeting opportunities of Time, so that somebody may say:

"When I was hungry, ye gave me meat; when I was thirsty, ye gave me drink; when I was naked, ye clothed me; when I was sick, in prison, and distressed, ye visited me; when I was wicked, ye told me of my sin; when I was lost, ye found me; when I was

GAZETTE.

PROMOTIONS.
LIEUT. HASKIRK, of Selkirk, to be Captain.
LIEUT. HOLLETT, of Blenheim, to be Captain.
LIEUT. PATTERSON, of Forest, to be Captain at Theford.
LIEUT. FYNN, of Walkerton, to be Captain.
APPOINTMENTS.
CAPT. HANNA, Dairy Section, Industrial Farm, to Agricultural Sec. on. Industrial Farm.
CAPT. BROOKS, Dovecourt, to Dairy Section, Industrial Farm.
EVANGELINE C. BOOTH, Field Commissioner.

WAR CRY

THE NEW TRAIL'S EDITORIAL
SPECIALLY FOR SOLDIERS OF THE SALVATION ARMY.

Gauge the Present Hour Correctly.
STANDING at the threshold of a New Year, as our Army does today, with such a call to worthily fulfill his part in God's war during the coming year as each individual soldier has, it behoves us before starting on our journey for the future, to take a glance backward at the field of our past endeavor, that we may properly gauge the significance of the present moment and go forward with that measure of confidence and anticipation warranted by our progress in the past.

Was a Fight.
 It is something towards victory—this gauging the opportunity of the moment. An incident of the Peninsula war well illustrates this. "The British Army lay at Sauroon, before the gates of the advancing, prepared to attack in force. Wellington was absent, and his arrival was anxiously looked for. Suddenly a single heronman was seen whooping up the mountain side. It was the Duke about to join his troops. One of Campbell's Portuguese battalions first descried him, and raised a joyful cry; and then the shrill clamor, or light up by the next regiment, soon rolled on it rang along the line into that appalling shout which the British soldier is wont to give upon the edge of battle, and which no enemy ever heard unmoved. Suddenly he stopped at a conspicuous point, for he desired both armies should know he was there, and a double spy who was present pointed out South, who was so near that his features could be distinguished. Attentively Wellington fixed his eyes on that formidable man, and as he speaking to himself, he said: 'Yonder is a great commander; but he is cautious, he will delay his attack to ascertain the cause of those cheers; that will give time for the 18th Division to arrive, and I shall beat him which he did.' The great Duke grasped the situation—he caught the full significance of the moment—and therefore won.

RETROSPECTIVE.
 With respect to the past there is not space to more than touch the tips of the mountain peaks of a few out of the many magnificent accomplishments 189 has witnessed.

The Juniors' Phenomenal Victory
 Take first that branch of the work—second in importance to no other in all the wide range of Army operations—the Junior War. In response to the Commissioner's impassioned calls to duty and diligence in this respect the work of the forces have swung into line and taken up the work with such a spirit that the advance has been simply phenomenal—just one comparative glimpse at the Territory's statistics proves this—attendance have risen from sixteen thousand to thirty-five thousand.

Flourishing on the Old Lines.
 The General Spiritual work—the Army's old and original line of work—is not only healthy but in many respects advancing. Several new corps have been opened, the number of soldiers has increased at a greater rate than for many years past, the big financial efforts have been highly successful. While it is too soon to speak of the last Self-Denial result, news is to hand of some of the Provinces which have already gone beyond their target.

The Daughters of Despair Rescued.
 The Women's Social work in all its many branches, is flourishing. More girls are being rescued, more child-wives mothered, hundreds more visits paid to hos-

pitais and prisons by the League of Mercy workers, more money—evidence of increased and widened sympathy—received, a fine big Central Bazaar Home is being prepared for Toronto where the demand for more room has been very great, more shelters are to be opened, and more Blum Posts started.

New Developments in the Men's Social Reform Branch.

The Men's Social is in a no less flourishing condition. Spokane's Men's Metropolis was opened in December, Vancouver has a Wood Yard added to its Workmen's Hotel, the Timbly Limit near Winnipeg is a new venture full of promise, and all the Institutions are doing well, the number of beds, meals and work supplied being higher than ever before.

The War of the People—from the Least to the Greatest—in Favor of the Army.

Lastly, there are those high tides of influence set going at Blar Booth's meetings. We are not now speaking of the glorious soul-saving results which have arisen set us shouting halloo with gratitude but of the effect for good which must accrue to the Army from the gathering together of every class of the population to listen by the hour to the unsundered torrent of baptised truth—truth very often of the most uncompromising and soul-pleasing character, which has been poured through the heart and soul of our consecrated leader. Even Toronto, our modern Athens, which capitulates to but few of the greatest, although visited by most of them, for the last time, has turned its gaze towards the Army's Commissioner with each successive appearance until on that ever-memorable occasion of the altar meeting—when "Miss Booth in Chains" told the tale of a broken heart, it wheeled completely towards the Army, and its wealthiest as well as its poorest to the number of ten thousand crowded to the great Massey Hall, half of them, we regret to say, unable to find room. It was of no small significance too that there should be present—for the first time in the history of this country—the very highest dignitaries of the land, their Excellencies the Governor-General, the Lord and the Governor of Alberta. We value the man in the street, of course we do, but we also recognise the honor done to us as a people by such recognition from Her Majesty's representative in this great country. But this by way of parenthesis. We were going to say every comrade must see in such facts as are recorded above, the turning—wholesale—of the eyes and ears of the people of this Territory to the Salvation Army. There is no need for any soldier to hang his head like a lulu. He is one of a victorious host, and the flag under which he fights waves over an Army which has been and is steadily prospering and progressing. His earthly leader—the woman-warrior who by the grace of God and the commission of the Army's General stands in the place of first responsibility—is one for whom we ought all to be thankful, for never have we been more efficiently represented and never has this blessed Army been more successfully led forward in the glorious fight than since the advent of Field Commissioner Miss Booth. We know she lives in the heart's affection of her people, and they serve with a bounding loyalty, still we delight to put the facts on record that the world may know we believe in and love our leader and each other.

PERSPECTIVE.
Our Only General is Coming.

Looking forward there is enough to quicken the pulse of the most phlegmatic to fever heat. That great God-given and world-renowned Apostle—servant of the race—General Booth, the founder and director of this mighty world-wide organized attempt to lift a fallen race back to God—will himself visit soon our country and pour out his heart to God and man for the salvation of the people. For over fifty years the passion of his life has been the saving of men. He himself testifies so and his works declare it more distinctly. That time of God-given desire, that time of God-given desire, burns to-day at a whiter heat than ever before. From Spokane to St. John, at various centres, the great veteran's voice will be heard. Awake and prepare, ye soldiers of God, let us see to it by fervent prayer, both for the General and the people, that the General's Campaign becomes the occasion of the greatest soul-harvest ever witnessed in our history as a people. Lord grant it. Amen.

A Three Months' Monster Siege.

Immediately following the General's visit a great three months' Siege will commence. This has been occupying much of the Field Commissioner's attention and will make fuller opportunity for active service for every person who wears the least bit of Salvation Army and marches to the advance music of 1898. Then there are other developments, some of a novel character, but concerning which in too early to speak at present, but our troops may expect to see the results of a broad, vigorous and

developing policy making straight for the salvation of souls and the strengthening in all its parts of this great Army brotherhood.

Personal.
 Inspired with the remembrance of God's goodness in the triumphs of the past, and fearing the threat of the great events coming in 1898, the question now remains, what is the attitude of each one of us towards God and God's war at this last of '97 and eve of '98? Are we clean? Are we heart-whole towards God and His war? Are we loyal to the flag of the Army and each other? It behoves us—every one—to be sure of our foundation—of our present standing before God—with our eyes open and our minds awake to this wonderful opportunity—that we stretch ourselves out strenuously to the full of our capacity, and enter upon this coming year unalterably committed to the will of God and the salvation of men. God and Heaven expect great things of us—His grace can qualify us. Our General and Commissioner expect great things of us—God is with them in their leadership of our host. Now for the advance. Step out strong in God, and the record of 1898 will surpass all others. God grant that it may be so.

BRIGADIER READ
 Sends a Message to Centralians.

THAT brave and indefatigable warrior, Brigadier Read, has been for the winter and warmer quarters for the season. He sends the following:

Message to the Staff and Field Officers of the Central Ontario Province.

Thanks, many thanks, for all the loving deeds of kindness and noble acts of sympathy and love which you have all manifested to dear Mrs. Read and myself during our short command of the Central. All I regret is that sickness prevented my doing what my heart desired to do. But for this physical affliction many other corps would have been visited, and we should have had the great pleasure of meeting more of our comrades on the field. However, count still on both myself and my dear wife to assist you in any possible way we can in the future. Our opportunities for assisting our comrade-officers and soldiers have not ceased. Continue to fervently pray that God may lay His healing hand upon my body. Oh, the glories of the front of the battle! Comrades, make the most use of your chances. God bless you all. **BRIGADIER J. READ.**

"WHERE IS THE SORROW?"

IT seems when I undertake to write anything I become unattractively right away, lose my individuality, draw on memory and thought if not words, of other men, straightway appear. So writes a contributor, asking at the same time for a few pointers. In reply we would say for his benefit and that of others likewise situated, don't aim to write on abstract matters. Imitate Jesus Christ, and tell something from the affairs of daily life happening around you. What, for instance, can the heart's inimitable story of the Prodigal Son? There, in a few words, our Lord paints not only a picture of a frequent happening of that day, but one which as often occurs to-day, and if War Cry writers will follow on the same track our pages will be full of power and interest. People don't care much for moralizings. They skip the little, religious lesson tacked on at the end. The General says, "Have something to say, say it and then stop."

MAJOR AND MRS. SOUTHAL AND THE MARINE BAND

At the London Rescue Home.

(Special.)
OUR kind readers, Major and Mrs. Southall, arranged to have the Marine Band give a musical meeting at the Rescue Home recently. Good things were provided for tea, and the girls and children were served first. Afterwards the Marine Band and city officers enjoyed the repast. Mrs. Southall, Mrs. Turner and the League of Mercy sisters worked hard to have everything a success. The tea was really beautiful, and after it was over some grand collections were given, both brass string and vocal. Bandmaster Koeler soloed "Mother's gone to Heaven." Capt. Taylor sang, "The drunkard's song." Major spoke kindly and feelingly of the wounds of Christ opened for the sinner. One of our dear girls sang the hymn and obtained it. We were very much helped and encouraged by this manifestation of the love and sympathy of our dear comrades, and our poor down-trodden sisters will carry the bright memories of that gathering with its flowers and songs, light and love, through many a weary hour after they have left us. **STAFF-CAPT. AGGIE COWAN.**

COMMANDER BOOTH-TUCKER'S COLONIZATION SCHEME

Brilliantly Launched at the Carnegie Hall.

\$20,000 GIVEN AND PROMISED BY THE VAST AUDIENCE.

(Special.)

THE climax of the Central Chief Division Congress at New York's Carnegie Music Hall was in every sense a mighty demonstration. The audience, numbering over 4,000, was highly enthusiastic and loudly applauded the masterly addresses of the Commander and Consul. The platform arrangement excited no little interest—it included the model of a cottage home on the new colony, and a representation of one of our Food and Shelter Depots. Letters of sympathy were read from many notabilities of State and religious renown, amongst which were conspicuous the words of good will sent by President McKinley. The collection for the scheme in gifts and promises of \$20,000 is one of the most striking financial successes for one meeting on record.

"OLD"

The Little Soldier

BY THE FIELD COMMISSIONER

LD Tiff and Kitty had several talks together during the six weeks between her arrival and Christmas Day, and on each occasion of their meeting the child had made some fresh work for good upon the bad, cold heart. As soon as she had found out

ES TOVSE

"Hanging well on to his big way to the one village store."

COMMANDER BOOTH-TUCKER'S COLONIZATION SCHEME

Brilliantly Launched at the Carnegie Hall

\$50,000 GIVEN AND PROMISED BY THE VAST AUDIENCE.

(Special.)

THE climax of the Central Chiropractic Division Congress at New York's Carnegie Music Hall was in every sense a mighty demonstration. The audience, numbering over 4,000, was highly enthusiastic and loudly applauded the masterly addresses of the Commander and Consul. The platform arrangement excited no little interest—it included the model of a cottage home on the new colony, and a representation of one of our Food and Shelter Depots. Letters of sympathy were read from many notable words of State and religious renown, amongst which were conspicuous the words of good will sent by President McKinley. The collection for the scheme in gifts and promises of \$50,000 is one of the most striking financial successes for the meeting on record.



"Hanging well on to his big" way to the one village store."

"OLD TIFF"

- OR -

The Little Scarlet Figure.

BY THE FIELD COMMISSIONER.



cold heart. As soon as she had found out

LD TIFF and Kitty had several talks together during the six weeks between her arrival and Christmas Day, and on each occasion of their meeting the child had made some fresh mark for good upon the bad

that the old man was sometimes called Tiff she so fell in love with the name that one day she had told Mary she would never trouble about saying that big difficult name, "Mr. Goodfey," any more, and being ready for her morning walk she ran straight away to the coach-house to get the old man's consent to her calling him by the same name as the village children. Mary who watched the little scarlet figure running its fastest down the garden walk, said, "I ought not to have let the child go, he may say something cross and unkind to her," and looked in the cupboard for her coat to follow.

Little Kitty ran straight into the coach house and found the old man sitting in the corner cleaning the harness. "Old Tiff," she cried.

"Shut up!" Shouted the Old Man,

with a most fierce expression. Kitty quickly turned and ran and shut the coach house door, taking away almost all the light the place had. Tiff was in a minute that Kitty had mistaken him he was too ashamed to tell her so, and so stretched out his long arm and repented it. "Did you not want it shut?" asked Kitty. "I thought you called out, 'shut it!'"

"Did you?" was the reply. But the tones in which these two words were spoken were so full of sorrow and gentleness that the whole household, including the Squire, would have been struck with wonder had they heard them. Tiff was just looking round for the peevish letter when Kitty with a quick drop of her ball began struggling up into Tiff's lap. Tiff could never remember having a child on his lap—he could never remember one wanting to get on. All children were frightened of him. But strange as it was he could not push her down, he could only hold her up. Kitty pulled the brittle which Tiff was cleaning out of his hand, and throwing it round Tiff's neck, began to drive with the reins.

"Oh, You do Make a Nice Horse."

"I can drive you much better than Brown Bess!" A smile passed all over the cross old face making it look brighter than we fancy Tiff's face had looked since he was a little boy, for he thought, "Yes, I think you can, as you seem to be driving me into something that's warm and kind, and something that takes out some of the misery that has filled up all my life and all my heart," and Tiff could have thought a lot more, only little Kitty soon tired of the driving, and turning her little head right round to get a good look at Tiff's grey eyes, said, "I do want you to let me call you by that other name you have got. I never can remember properly, Mr. Goodfey, and Tiff is such a lovely name—I can say it so nicely, and I do like it so. It is like my puppa's dog's name; my puppa's dog's name was Tippetts—it was such a nice doggie—it had white feet, white ears and a black head, and some white on its tail. My mamma was very fond of Tippetts cause it was my puppa's doggie—my mamma loved when it got killed, and I loved too."

I Should Gwy, if You was to Die, Tiff.

The poor old man was so impressed with the thought of anyone crying after him, that he was anxious for the child to say more upon that point and asked, "Why should you cry if I died? Do you know Kitty nobody has ever wanted or cried for me?"

"Cause you've never died," replied the child. "I should cry, 'cause you would be gone away from me. I should not have you to talk to—to drive me out, or mend my dollies any more. And I would feel all alone again, like I did when mamma died. I spects you would go up in the sky like my mamma and puppa," and here the child jumped down, and running to the door of the coach house, looked up to the heavens and called, "Oh, Tiff, it is lovely and white up there. My mamma said we would all wear white frocks, 'cause nothing dark must go in; mamma said the angels would have one waiting for me, and I

spects they'd have a lovely white jacket for you, and mamma said we don't wear hats if we were all very good we would wear crowns—Oh, you had right nice, dear Tiff in

A White Jacket and a Big, Big Crown!

While these last words were spoken the little scarlet figure had ran back to find her old place on Tiff's knee, but the old man's head was bent and face was covered—he was thinking about "nothing dark could go in." How true it was and how far he was from a crown and anything white—how little the child knew of how she had been—she was a little older he would have told her all about it. Well, his heart was so broken that he could easily have done so as it was only Kitty's sousing Tiff cry immediately began to do the same thing herself, and so the old man took her onto his lap and tried to smile, while Kitty wiped the tears of his poor white face.

"You are getting cold, little missie, you must run away and play."

"Will you may I call you 'Tiff'?"

"Anything you like," said

The Old Man, sniffling up the Last Tear

and the ball was just about to be thrown when Mary, who had been detained by Mr. Foster, rushed to the coach house to take Kitty her walk.

Between the cook and Mary at the dinner table that day there was quite a hot argument, for the cook wanted to change that she was sure had come over the disagreeable groom.

"Why, I tell you," said Mary, "when I was a little girl, I used to play, I actually found the old fellow playing ball with the child, and just overheard him saying, 'Anything you like,' to something she had been asking him, and he lifted her off the harness stool just as tender like as a mother. Don't you call that a change from the old growler he's always been, and didn't you see him yourself lift her up as gentle as possible and smile all over his ugly face while she patted Brown Bess?"

The Cook's Wide Open Mouth and Fixed Eyes

would have said she was sure of the change, and so she was, only she wanted to tell how Old Tiff kept the "red fat-faced boy" in the stable doing his work when he ought to be cleaning her knives, and then when she spoke to him about it, Tiff just stormed and insulted her by telling her to tie up her mouth with her apron, and she didn't see any change for the better in that—but she did own that Mrs. Scroggins' little girl told the washer-woman Mrs. Faggins, and Mrs. Faggins told the cook that Mrs. Scroggins' little girl said that Old Tiff was growing awfully kind—that he gave her two apples for picking up her hat, which had blown off; and so even in the village as well as in the house there were a good many remarks about the change in the Squire's groom.

But it was quite four months later that something happened which made a topic of interest for all the children and grown-up people of the place. A lovely spring evening found the Squire and his busy wife with the grass cutter, although his hours for work were over. "We must make the most of our first long evenings and 'work while it is day,'" he had said, for he was a good, saved man. Mary was running here and there packing, for Mrs. Foster was having her Rochester party the next day. The cook had gone out to keep an appointment with the chemist, who supplied a part of Mrs. Scroggins' store, having made up her mind to have the last stump out which had cost her two nights' sleep, and so no one noticed little Kitty.

Crying all the Way from the Nursery to Tiff's Cottage.

There was no knocking, for it was only with a sob Kitty pushed open the unlatched door, and walked right in.

"Look, Tiff," she said, holding up her lavender dress, given her the day before, "all bewaked."

Tiff was so touched by the sobs of the little child that he did not wait to hear how the beautiful was faced and how her treasure became crumpled, but long before Kitty could count 20 Tiff had been to the house and was back with the sweetest clerk, which was now only even in the garden, and Kitty was trying to keep up with Tiff's big steps, by hanging well on to his big hand on her way to the one village store.

"Well, 'pon my word," said Mrs. Scroggins, while making attempts to put her spectacles straight, she fixed them in a more crooked position—"It's enough to make a soul weep to see what a change that wee little lass has made in that wretched old fellow just by her own sweet goodness and kindness; she's put some good into him but had heart anyway." She stood at the old store door as long as the old glasses would serve to show the little scarlet figure skipping by. Old Tiff's side with her brain new dew held tight in her arms. It was nothing like as good as the broken one, but Kitty

did not seem to see it—it had a china face instead of wax one, but Tiff said, "It's a good thing it has hair instead of black curls, but Tiff said he liked that best—it only had rag legs instead of composite ones, but

Tiff Pointed Out They Wouldn't Be at

—Mrs. Scroggins had said she would make it shoes and stockings and a pink frock, and so Kitty on her return to the cottage sat at the table and there the wax doll was broken. But Tiff's tea was to be finished and Kitty was going to have some with him. The best chair and cushioned seat was at the table and then as nicely as Tiff could cut bread and butter it was cut, and then Kitty put her two hands together with both feet clasped, "Dear Lord, bless my food and Tiff and me for Jesus' sake amen." Tiff had never asked a blessing, and he was so taken aback by Kitty doing so that he was too late in getting his eyes shut to share in it. The small meal was soon over—the conversation followed while Kitty sat on her favorite stool in front of Tiff's nose. However, out of a most tangled description. The new doll, Brown Bess, the large ball, the garden, the old man, the Squire, the Squire's making, the sky and Tiff's noted sudden hat, all had their share, at last the clock striking seven made Tiff say something about bed-time.

"Oh, yes," said Kitty, "but

I Would Like to say my Prayers Here To-Night

by you, instead of Mary, may I?" "Surely, sartilly," answered Tiff with some awkwardness, standing up and looking around as though he had dropped into an unknown place.

"Will you kneel right here, like Mary, close beside me?"

"Surely, sartilly," repeated the old man, hardly knowing what he was saying as he bent his knees, probably for the first time in his life. The tall large figure had hardly got down beside the fair-haired tiny child before Kitty had started, "Dear Jesus, bless me and make me every day a very good every day—bless uncle and auntie and all my kind friends, and bless Tiff, and make Tiff very good, and bless my own dear mamma in the sky and please tell her not to forget to send someone to fetch me up to the sky one day. I'd like the angels to come—and ask her to send some angels to the sky one day, 'cause she gets very tired some days, and would like to go to the sky as well. Tiff and I would like the angels to fetch us both together, 'cause we love each other, and I wouldn't like to be left without Tiff, and Tiff wouldn't like to be left without me, and please, Jesus, will you have my white frock and Tiff's white jacket all ready." Here a big half-smothered cry from Tiff made Kitty open her eyes with a sudden "Amen," and

Squeezing Her Little Arms Between the Rough Big Hands

covering Tiff's face, she said: "Tiff, are you crying? Don't cry, Tiff, don't cry. Why are you crying?" the child repeated, and looked while the tears began to gather in her own eyes. Kitty wondered if Tiff had broken the fig or Brown Bess' harness, like she had the day before, and if so, she would tell Tiff's hard heart, and he would sob out to Kitty, his one true friend, who a bad man he really was, and what a good life he had lived; for just to tell somebody would help him, and so he began.

"You see, missy, I can't never go to the sky—I no ways like you—I no ways like."

"Oh, but you are ill," chimed in Kitty. "Everybody's fit whose good. My mamma says, anybody can go to the sky who is good."

"Yes, but it's just there, I's no ways good—never have been—alleras bad as bad can be, my mamma says when I was only just about as old as you are, you see, and my father was wicked and made me wicked before I was ten, and I've 'hated ever since' everything, and everybody ever since, and I've hated me ever since, and that's just how it be. I can never go to the sky, although I know my dear mother's there, for she was as good as any on them, and she only one that ever cared 'bout about me. Oh, how I can remember her 'kissing and 'kissing on the cheek when she told me she was 'adying, and she died 'tupray' long ago, and now I'm all alone wide, and no one but me at the grave. But I never could abear to think on her, and it made me all bitter and hard like, and I never loved nothing since." Here Tiff broke right out crying aloud, and the little brown stable dog "clumped" began to whine. Kitty's lips trembled alone, and the

Child Looked Fearfully Troubled as well as Half-Frightened.

By instinct she felt something great was happening, although she did not know what. Something great was happening. It was a simple heart was breaking at a Saviour with pardoning love was near. Kitty could not understand half

what Tiff had told her, but she felt she must help him, and half crying and half laughing, she said, "I will tell you what I do, Tiff, when I used to be naughty, if I would say to my mamma that I was sorry and that I would never do it any more, she—my mamma—would always forgive me—so if you would say to Jesus that you were sorry, you would never be bad any more, I am sure Jesus would forgive you, and then you would always be good, and go to the sky and see your mamma too. Tiff, shall I tell him for you?"—and before Tiff could say "Yes" or "No," little Tiff in crying tones was saying "Dear Jesus, Tiff says he has been very bad, and he says he is very sorry and he won't be bad any more, and so will You please forgive him, Jesus please, Jesus, don't forget to send the angels to fetch him when my mamma sends them to fetch me, 'cause Tiff is going to be good always now, and

He Wants to Come and His Mamma in the

Skies,

too, when I see mine, for Jesus' sake, Amen."

Tiff could not explain it, but as he put Kitty's scarlet coat on and led her through the garden, she felt happier than he had in his life, and after he had seen his charge safely into the hands of Mary, Tiff went to John, the gardener, whose religion he had never understood, and told him all about Kitty's visit to the cottage. The two men talked until long after midnight, when John, giving Tiff a Bible, said, "Now, Tiff, read it and pray, and the God who has forgiven all your sins will bless and help you until, as little Miss Kitty says, you meet your mother in heaven."

Tiff, at John's advice, made no secret of the change that had taken place, nor how it had come about. He told everybody that little Kitty had been the means of his conversion. The whole village soon proved the proof of the story by the great difference there was in Tiff. Since the night of the little tea-party, he was never seen again in the "Buckton House." Instead of swearing and cursing he used to sing—and he so became

The Friend of Every Child

that a certain corner of the coach house had the appearance of a repair store, for the broken sleighs, horses, dolls, and whips used to find their way to Old Tiff to mend.

But perhaps it was within the broad, low wall which encircled the Squire's spacious acres that the change in Old Tiff was the most observed. It formed such a tangle for the servants' hall that scarcely any village gossip was discussed there for some weeks.

"I never did hold much with people as talked much about their religion," said the cook, as she sat down her 4 o'clock cup one day. "I allow say, 'actions speak louder than words.' But whatever it is, she has taken hold of Tiff must be practical since

He's Left Off Cheating His Neighbour,

And she flourish in triumph and dangerously near her companion's face a bright and sharp knife.

This somewhat puzzling speech would have been altogether unexplainable had it not been for the snuffling noise which issued from the back-kitchen door which seemed to the cook's ear a far sweeter sound than the finest instrumental band. For it had her own share of connection with Tiff was now ended and that "red-faced boy" was very contentedly grinding a sharp edge upon her knives.

Mary was ironing Miss Kitty's pinfolds at the moment, but she paused in her careful smoothing of the embroidery frill, to assent to the cook's remark.

"Phooon, the Squire's assistant, told my aunt the other day that he'd bought a new book, as said there weren't no no miracles ever done, but if the difference that there little angel has worked in that very crusty old customer ain't a miracle, I know nothing!" A heavy thud of her hot implement on the ironing board made a stinging emphasis to her words—but

continued Mary, "just how she's done it is a riddler."

"Not to me," said John, the gardener, who had just stepped in with his basket of fruit for the Squire's desert, "Miss Kitty may be small, but

She's Linked on Heaven so Tight

that the influence of her life brings all God's blessing and power to help her words and sweet little ways."

John was right. It was just that while Miss Kitty ran the blessing that she had been to this poor dark heart and others round about her. She was linked tight on to Heaven.

After if you are a blessing to those who are nearest to you—if by your kindness and love you have ever made a bad heart good—a wretched life happy: it is you who have been a blessing to those who are living near you who you know to be particularly wicked. If not, you should, and you must from this Christ-anna time, no matter how small you are, or how little you know, begin to see how much light, blessing and joy

you can bring into other lives, remembering that Jesus' grace can make you a saviour, although you may be but a child. Then many will love you in life, and thank you all through eternity for what you have done for them. —a Tiff will Kitty.

A Tenderfoot

** on a Bronco.

A TALE OF THE "WOOLY WEST."

By MRS. BRIGADITR READ.

PART III.

"Out of Sight" of His Goal.

Excitement reigned in the Casino Theatre of an enterprising city of the West. Men watched with flashing eyes and bated breath or deep-drawn surlings, the progress of the game in which they were engaged.

The piles of American dollars rapidly diminished before one player, the "keno" table and accumulated in front of the winner as the gambler's "luck" fluctuating with the success of the game was made known.

Ghastly scenes had been enacted under similar circumstances, for simultaneously with the yell of triumph from the lips of the fortunate and the cry of despairing madness from the defeated had oftentimes rung out through the gambling hall in the midnight hours the pistol report and the death groans of agony from the wounded gambler—

Just Clutching His Nearly-Bought Wager—

—as he lies prostrate in his own blood upon the tobacco-stained floor.

Not only were men furrowed and grey in iniquity gathered in that gaming room, but the youthful were there. Young, strong, and promising men, spending the evening away from wives, sisters, and mothers. Boys, too, fresh young lads from school, counter, workshop, home circle, the mough, and ranch, all being injured in degrading appetites and vice.

Suddenly a singular thing happened! Every head was lifted, every eye, for a moment directed towards the wide entrance. Two girls plainly clad in the always distinctive garb of the Army, blue dresses and poke bonnets, walked into the long room.

'Twas a Strange Place for a Woman to Enter,

but these young women bore with them an indefinable air of separateness from their surroundings and with the quiet confidence manifested as they step gently about came the impression that their appearance there was a thing to be expected.

No words or lewd remarks greeted them. Hardened and sinful as was the majority of that "keno" hall crowd, they had a profound respect for the Army girls who dared to come to them with messages of love and purity.

One boy in that crowd was conscience-stricken by the sight—perchance were many others. He tries to hide the blush of shame and unconcerned go on with his playing.

He quietly takes a few "chips" from his pile and requests the Dealer to give him a dollar in exchange, and—wails anxiously for the approach of the Army girls with their War Cry.

Why does our boy shiver, tremble and glance suddenly upward?

Surely he is mistaken! It cannot be! But no, 'tis even so!

A Tear has Fallen on His Hand!

The brave Captain's heart is moved by the sight of the young boys at the table—plunging into a vortex of future sorrow and anguish, and her womanly sympathy is expressed by the silent falling tear.

Al! Jack Lechain, "why did you not heed that tear?"

"'Twould have saved you the shedding of many!!!"

(To Be Continued.)

O "For many a year God has loved you, but you have derived no joy from it. Yet you can't love the daisy in the field without getting joy from it. And, oh, the joy of loving the Christ of the Cross! Oh, the joy of love shed abroad in the heart! If you have not got it, you are outside God's homelife.

LOANS! LOANS! LOANS!

ANY PERSON HAVING MONEY TO INVEST A would do well to write to Territorial Headquarters for information. We can loan most readily, security with interest for large or small sums. Full particulars can be had from STAFF-CAPTAIN SEXTON, Cor. James and Albert Streets, Toronto.

UNIFORM DEPARTMENT.

WE are in position to give entire satisfaction. The following testimony is only ONE OUT OF MANY that reach us right along:—

DEAR STAFF-CAPTAIN:

I received the Tunic this morning. Thanks for promptness. It is a perfect fit. Am delighted with it.

W. KING.

We can supply Suits of the best English

Serges, indigo dye, from - - - \$16.00 UP

Men's Winter Overcoats, from - - - \$13.00 UP

Ladies' Winter Ulsters, with Long

Cape, from - - - \$14.00 UP

Samples of Goods and Measurement Forms sent free on application. It will do to fill out the forms given below.

If you are in urgent need and cannot wait until samples are sent you we will always send you the best goods we can for your money. Terms—NET CASH.

SELF-MEASUREMENT FORMS.

DATE.....189

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Height.....feet.....inches.

Weight.....lbs

Coat Measure.

1. Collar Seam to Waist B
2. Waist B to length desired C
3. Middle of Back to Elbow F
1. On to G for full length of sleeve

Chest *not* expanded as much as possible while the measure is being taken, but as in the act of conversation, which gives the natural proper size.

Take Breast and Waist measures under Coat and over Gymnastic.

Around Breast at H

Waist at I

Size around Neck

For Overcoat.

Take Breast and Waist measures over the un'er coat.

Breast..... Waist.....

Pants Measure.

Pants should be v all drawn up in crotch and legs kept perfectly straight while measuring.

Outside seam, from top of Waistband to heel seam of shoe.....

Inside seam, from crotch N to heel seam of shoe.....

Around the Waist, under Vest.....

Around the Seat P (the largest part).....

Around the Knee, for width desired.....

Around the Foot M, for width desired.....

Pockets wanted.....

REMARKS—State any particulars that will assist in giving a definite idea of shape.....

FOR WOMEN.

Ulster Measurement.

Top of Back to 7, and on to full length at 10.....

3 to 4, and on to half length of sleeve at 5, arm in position as shown.....

Bust, close up under arms as at 6, and over most prominent part in front.....

Waist as at 6.....

Slips as at 9.....

Size of Neck at 1.....

SHORT JACKETS MADE—THE VERY BEST FIT.

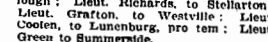
Beautiful Silk Handkerchiefs, White, 20x20, with General's Photograph.

If you want a bargain this is a snap. Only a small number left.

Beautiful Enslas with separate Photographs of the Commissioner, General Booth and the Late Mrs. Booth, at 10 cents each. They are real beauties.

JNO. M. C. HORN,

Trade Secretary.



Heroes of the Paper War

SPLENDID ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE WAR CRY NUTSERS.

The East has the Biggest Army on the Field.

EASTERN PROVINCE—47 Boomers.

Capt. Melroyne, Charlottetown	400
Sergt.-Major Carr, Windsor, N. S.	194
Lieut. Cowan, Halifax I.	171
Mrs. Ensign Fraser, New Glasgow	154
Capt. Hickey, Hamilton, Ber. (av. 2 wks)	154
Sergt. Fred Bell, Hamilton, Ber. (av. 2 wks)	147
Lieut. Martin, Woodstock, N. B. (av. 2 wks)	117
Father Armstrong, St. John, N. B.	110
Capt. Perry, New Glasgow (av. 2 wks)	101
Capt. Clarke, Fredericton (av. 2 wks)	101
Adj. Alkenhead, Halifax I.	89
Adj. Prichard, Antigonish, N. S.	89
Capt. Bowering, Sydney, C. B. (av. 3 wks)	86
Sergt. Morrison, Glace Bay	86
Capt. Colton, Lunenburg, N. S.	86
Capt. Forsyth, St. Stephen, N. B.	86
Sister McLeod, Moncton	86
John Smith, St. Georges, Ber. (av. 2 wks)	82
Lieut. Miller, Digby	82
Cadet Murtut, Fredericton	82
Capt. Clark, St. Stephen	82
Sister Mrs. Crane, Fredericton	82
Capt. Bradbury, Moncton	82
Capt. McEachern, Sydney Mines	82
Kenneth Dunsmuir, Hamilton, Ber.	82
Sis. Shano, Halifax I.	82
Mrs. Capt. Dowling, Sydney	82
Bro. Givell, St. Georges, Ber.	82
Sergt. Jessie, St. Georges, Ber.	82
E. Vail, Hamilton, Ber. (av. 2 wks)	82
A. Smith, Hamilton, Ber. (av. 2 wks)	82
Mrs. Marshall, Digby	82
Burbridge, Windsor, N. S.	82
Mr. Pollock, Fredericton (av. 3 wks)	82
Sarah Beer, St. Georges, Ber.	82
Bro. Givell, St. Georges, Ber.	82
Sister Beatty, Fredericton	82
Sergt. J. Moore, Windsor, N. S.	82
Maggie Beatty, Fredericton (av. 3 wks)	82
Sister Hooker, Fredericton (av. 3 wks)	82
John McVicar, Glace Bay	82
John Spencer, Glace Bay	82
Sister Vandine, Glace Bay	82
Sister Brothers, Windsor, N. S.	82
Sis. Blakeney, Moncton, N. B.	82
S. McDonald, Glace Bay	82
Lieut. Webb, Sydney Mines	82

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE—37 Boomers.

Capt. Hill, Montreal II.	111
Ensign Walker, Ber.	(av. 2 wks) 110
Ensign Parker, Quebec (av. 3 wks)	110
Ensign Stalger, St. Albans, Vt. (av. 2 wks)	83
Capt. McNulty, St. Albans, Vt. (av. 2 wks)	83
Lieut. Bleth, Pembroke (av. 2 wks)	81
Adj. Blackburn, Cornwall (av. 2 wks)	81
Cadet Hamilton, Hamilton, Ont.	(av. 2 wks) 81
Lieut. Dora, Ottawa	81
Mrs. Adj. Blackburn, Cornwall	81
Mr. F. Smith, Windsor, N. S.	81
Capt. French, Peterboro (av. 2 wks)	47
Sergt. Rogers, Montreal I. (av. 2 wks)	47
Sis. A. Bebeck, Brockville	47
Sergt. Perkins, Barre, Vt. (av. 2 wks)	47
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville	47
Sergt. Duncan, Montreal I. (av. 2 wks)	47
Cadet Brown, Montreal	47
Mr. N. Smith, Valleyburg, Ber.	47
Lieut. Barrett, Brockville	47
Trcas. Veale, Barre, Vt.	47
Capt. Root, Gananoque (av. 2 wks)	47
Lieut. Sparks, Houlton, Me. (av. 2 wks)	47
Lieut. Mamic, Gananoque (av. 2 wks)	47
Capt. Mattick, Cornwall (av. 2 wks)	47
Maud Wilson, Ottawa	47
Sergt. Douglas, Cornwall (av. 2 wks)	47
Sergt. Verne, Ottawa	47
Sis. Lewis, Montreal I. (av. 2 wks)	47
Lieut. Currie, Belleville	47
Sergt. Root, Belleville	47
Sis. Burke, Belleville	47
Sergt. Schneider, Pembroke (av. 2 wks)	47
Mother Lewis, Montreal I. (av. 2 wks)	47
Minnie Woods, Peterboro	47
Ennie Dower, Fredericton	47
Mrs. Brand, Peterboro	47
Mrs. Green, Peterboro	47

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE—27 Boomers.

Sergt. Mrs. Pearce, Temple	151
Sister Terry, Lindsay	103
Cand. Skeeden, Hamilton I. (av. 2 wks)	63
Capt. White, Brampton	63
Ensign Taylor, Owen Sound	63
Lieut. Mainland	63
Sister Dixon, Temple	63
Sergt. Brass, Hamilton I. (av. 2 wks)	63
Lieut. Meeks, Peterboro	63
Sergt. Emily, Hamilton II. (av. 2 wks)	63
Capt. Burton	63
Capt. Stolliker, Riverside	63

WEST ONTARIO—18 Boomers.

Mrs. Huffman, Woodstock, Ont. (av. 2 wks)	185
Myrtle Crawford, Clinton	87
Wye Bee, Clinton	87
Capt. Collett, Galt	87
Mrs. Scott, Guelph (av. 2 wks)	87
Sergt. McDougall, Goderich	87
Mrs. Dawson, Guelph	87
Sister Mrs. Glover, Dresden (av. 2 wks)	42
Capt. Jarvis, Bothwell	42
Willie Carter, Clinton	42
Lieut. Jordison, Bothwell	42
Sister Brindley, Goderich	42
Capt. Stephens, Galt	42
Sis. Knuckie, Galt	42
Lieut. Hodgson, Goderich	42
Eva Simpson, Guelph (av. 2 wks)	42
Sister Ellis, Dresden	42
Sergt.-Major Graham, Thamesville	42

NORTH-WEST PROVINCE—14 Boomers.

Cadet Exstrum, Winnipeg	163
Cadet Woodworth, Winnipeg (av. 2 wks)	163
Lieut. Lloyd, Portage la Prairie (av. 2 wks)	128
Cadet Strong, Winnipeg	124
Lieut. Barner, Brandon	83
Capt. Graham, Edmonton	70
Capt. Jackson, Grand Forks (av. 2 wks)	61
Mamie McLeod, Grand Forks	61
Cadet Herringshaw, Rat Portage	61
Cadet Anderson, Rat Portage (av. 2 wks)	61
Capt. Dwyer, Portage la Prairie (av. 2 wks)	36
Lieut. Barner, Grand Forks	28
Annie Pierce, Grand Forks	28
Lieut. Kennir, Bismarck	20

PACIFIC PROVINCE—15 Boomers.

Mrs. Adj. Ayro, Vancouver	125
Mrs. Moore, Victoria, B. C. (av. 2 wks)	107
Capt. Scott, Billings, Mont. (av. 2 wks)	106
Lieut. Thorne, Victoria, B. C.	106
Mrs. Law, Victoria, B. C.	71
Sergt. Van Camp, Dillon	70
Cadet Ma. Gains, Victoria	65
Sister Morrison, Victoria	65
Lieut. Krell, New Westminster (av. 2 wks)	62
Capt. Dwyer, Victoria, B. C.	58
Capt. May, New Westminster	58
Sister Darries, Vancouver	40
Sister H. Guines, Vancouver	20

HONOR ROLL.

THE following are the names and totals of boomers unavoidably held over from the issue of the 18th: Capt. McIntyre, Charlottetown, P. E. I., 400. Capt. Gerlo Hickey, Hamilton, Ber. (av. 2 wks) 390. Cadet Exstrum, Winnipeg, 163. Lieut. Cowan, Halifax I., 171. Sergt.-Major Carr, Windsor, N. S., 194. Lieut. Portage la Prairie, 128. Lieut. Barner, Brandon, 83. Capt. Graham, Edmonton, 70. Capt. Jackson, Grand Forks (av. 2 wks), 61. Mamie McLeod, Grand Forks, 61. Cadet Herringshaw, Rat Portage, 61. Cadet Anderson, Rat Portage (av. 2 wks), 61. Capt. Dwyer, Portage la Prairie (av. 2 wks), 36. Lieut. Barner, Grand Forks, 28. Annie Pierce, Grand Forks, 28. Lieut. Kennir, Bismarck, 20. Mrs. Adj. Ayro, Vancouver, 125. Mrs. Moore, Victoria, B. C. (av. 2 wks), 107. Capt. Scott, Billings, Mont. (av. 2 wks), 106. Lieut. Thorne, Victoria, B. C., 106. Mrs. Law, Victoria, B. C., 71. Sergt. Van Camp, Dillon, 70. Cadet Ma. Gains, Victoria, 65. Sister Morrison, Victoria, 65. Lieut. Krell, New Westminster (av. 2 wks), 62. Capt. Dwyer, Victoria, B. C., 58. Capt. May, New Westminster, 58. Sister Darries, Vancouver, 40. Sister H. Guines, Vancouver, 20.

50. Corp. Jesse Irons, Windsor, N. S. (av. 2 wks) 50. Sis. Brindley, Goderich, 47. Capt. Barker, St. Thomas, 45. Lieut. Woodgate, Newmarket, 45. Bowering, Sydney, C. B. 42. Lieut. Krell, New Westminster, 42. Captain Jarvis, Bothwell, 40. Capt. Burton, Hamilton II, 40. Sergt. Duncan, Montreal I, 40. Capt. Barker, Hamilton I, 33. Ethel Smith, Guelph, 33. Edgar Wallace, Hamilton, Ber., 33. Lieut. Jordison, Bothwell, 33. Capt. Stephens, Galt, 33. Emma Riversdale, 33. Mrs. Capt. Day, Bridgewater, (av. 2 wks) 34. Lieut. Sparks, Houlton, Me., (av. 2 wks) 34. Capt. Cannon, North Bay, 34. Capt. Stolliker, Riverside, 33. Mrs. Perkins, Barre, Vt., 31. Sarah Dean, St. Georges, Ber., 30. Mary Robinson, St. Georges, Ber., 30. Mattie Cornwall, 30. Capt. Root, Gananoque, 30. Lieut. Mamic, Gananoque, 30. Capt. Ledrow, Brandon, 30. Capt. Chatham, 30. Bro. Johnson, Hamilton I, 30. Mrs. Luddard, Kingston, 28. Sergt. Douglass, Cornwall, 28. Sergt. Yorkville (av. 2 wks) 28. Capt. Hart, Temple, 28. Mrs. Stevens, Riverside, 24. Sister Hendricks, Spokane, 23. Capt. Banks, Barre, Vt., 22. Capt. Day, Bridgewater, B. C., (av. 2 wks) 21. Mother Lewis, Montreal I, 21. Sis. Logie, Montreal I, 20. Sergt. Schneider, Pembroke, 20. Father Curry, Hamilton I, 20. Mrs. Porter, Hamilton, 20. George, Hamilton, 20. Bro. Cherry, Hamilton I, 20. Sis. Bentley, Hamilton I, 20. Ensign Attwell, Riverside, 20. Sergt.-Major Graham, Bothwell, 20. Cur. Heilevold, 20. Sergt. Root, Belleville, 20. Cand. Capper, Belleville, 20. Sergt. Thompson, Belleville, 20. Sister Burke, Belleville, 20. Mrs. Stevens, 20. Sis. Knuckie, Goderich, 20. Mrs. Rock, Chatham, Ont. (av. 3 wks) 20. Ensign Wright, Woodstock, B. C., 20.

MISSING.

FIRST INSERTION.
294. MRS. MARTIN DAILY. NE FLORENCE WEAVER. Has been missing about seven years, and when last heard from she was residing in either Montreal or Quebec. Mrs. Martin Daily, when last heard from was working for his brother, Joseph Daily, a stevedore, in Quebec. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.
194. WILLIAM LAKE. Height 5 feet, dark complexion. Age about 50 years. Son of Mr. Samuel Lake, Langmore, near Scote, Norfolk, England. Last heard from Christ Church, Wye, then in Hamilton, Manitoba. Sister Harriet, 65 Douchess St., Toronto, enquires. You will hear of something to your advantage. Answer Cry please.
295. LAURIE JOYCE. Went from Bristol about 17 years ago to the Canada house. Since married a man named Herbert. Address Inquiry, anyone knowing her whereabouts.
307. JAMES B. RAMSEY. Aged 42, height 5 ft. 6 inches, stout, lost one eye, disfigured nose. Last known address Colonists' Hotel Victoria, B. C. Address, Inquiry, anyone knowing his whereabouts.
218. MRS. MARGARET MCILLAN. Lived twelve years ago in Goderich. Would be over eighty years old. Her grandson, James Earl, wishes to know if she is dead or alive. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.
209. EVA CLAMMENT. Age about 27 years. Last heard of five years ago in Toronto. Her Aunt Mary is anxious to know her whereabouts. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.
233. ANDREW STERGEON. Last known address Etobicoke, near Thistle-down, Toronto. Brother Robert, farmer, St. Catharines, Ont. His name wishes to hear from him. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.
304. JOHN HENRY NEWMAN. Last heard of in June last, address was then St. Urban, St. Montreal, is also said that he has been seen by Mr. Guney, 561 to 565 Dorchester St., corner of St. Georges Borromeo St., Montreal. Age 42, Irish complexion. Said to have had an accident last Christmas when he lost his arm, broke his elbow, and injured his spine. Address Inquiry, anyone knowing his whereabouts.
285. DICK T. D. Age 25, height 5 ft. 10 in. light complexion, sandy mustache, lost his first finger on left hand, was a butcher. Left this country 14 years ago. Last heard of ten years ago. Was then under Mr. Brown, a farmer, near St. Martin, Mainland, North Bay, 61. Cadet Strong, Winnipeg, 61. Adj. Blackburn, Cornwall, 61. Mrs. Adj. Blackburn, Cornwall, 61. Mr. Simpson, Hamilton, 61. Sister St. Thomas, 55. Father Dixon, Temple, 51. Ernest Dunkley, St. Georges, Ber. (av. 2 wks) 50. Capt. May, New Westminster, 50. Sergt. Rogers, Montreal I,

dead. Jane married a Mr. Wm. Jarvis, who when last heard from, 20 years ago, resided at 123 Rebecca St., Hamilton, Ont. John Rushton enquires. Address Inquiry, Toronto.
201. ALICE HILLS. Age 20, tall, fair complexion, dark hair. This girl was sent out to Canada by Dr. Barnado. Last heard from in July last. Was then living at Niagara Falls, Ont. Father enquires. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.
202. CHARLES GRAHAM. Age 20, medium height and fair complexion, brown curly hair, gray eyes, mountaineer, lame in right leg, wear under right eye. Last heard from March 30, 1883. Occupation, shoemaker. May be in Canada. Willing to hear from his mother. Write enquires. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.
2025. JOSEPH HAGUE. Age about 44 or 45, height 5 ft. 8 in., stout build, blond in one eye. Occupation sailor. Left England in 1883. Heard from 1887. He was then in Montreal, Canada. Brother Thomas enquires. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.
Tune.—Christ receiveth sinful men.



1. Come, poor sinner, hear Him call.
"Come, there's pardon free for all;
Come, ye weary ones, to Me,"
Come, and I will set you free."
Chorus.
To the Cross for refuge flee,
Behold the Saviour on the tree;
"It is finished," hear Him cry,
Every sinner may be free.
Come to Jesus while you may,
Come, He waits to save to-day;
Come, His arms are open wide,
Come, not one shall be denied.
Come, poor sinner, grace is sweet;
Come, "tis found at Jesus' feet;
Come, with thy black heart of sin,
Come, and Christ will take you in.
Come, thy life is fleeting fast;
Come, thy chance will soon be past;
Come, or you will have to dwell
With the lost, dark souls in hell.
Tunes.—Depth of mercy (B. B., 22);
Bouring (G. L., 183, 1); Spanish Chant (B. J., 12, 2).
2. Sinner, stop! 'tis not too late,
Still is open Mercy's gate;
Now the cry goes out to thee—
"Come, thou weary one, to Me!"
Chorus.
God is love, etc.
Weary now of sin's dark ways,
Weary now of wasted days;
Fretful struggling after light,
Feebly groping after light.
"Come, ye heavy laden," too,
Jesus spoke these words to you,
"I will give you rest." He cried,
Rest from sin, because He died.
"Twas for you He shed His blood,
Spilt for you that crimson flood;
Come, then, to this Fountain turn,
Such great mercy do not spurn.
Auxiliary 1133.

Tunes.—Ohs the Lamb (B. J., 72, 3); New Heeds me free (B. J., 12, 3); Hallelujah to the Lamb (B. J., 81, 7); A little ship (B. J., 12, 3); Jesus died for me (B. J., 12, 3); My God, the spring (B. J., 28, 1).
3. A thousand thousand fountains
Up from the throne of God;
But none so pure as Jesus' precious blood.
Chorus.
Oh, the Blood—the precious Blood
That Jesus shed for me!
Times the cross is crimsoned flood
Just now by faith I see.
That priceless blood my ransom paid,
While I in bondage stood;
On Jesus all my sins were laid,
He saved me with His blood.
By faith that Blood now sweeps away
My sins as like a flood;
Nor lets any filthy blimpish stain
All praise to Jesus' blood.
This wondrous theme will best employ
My lips before my God;
And mine eyes will never cease
For Jesus' cleansing blood.

LARMORE SALVATION ARMY CORPS, N.D.



Fred. Alterberg.
Frank Wilson.

Joe Horsey.
Ment. A. Brander.

Henry Thyring.
Clarence DeHaven.
Capt. Annie Hurst.

High Williams.
Lucy Nettle Myers.
Olara Hetherington.

Judge Winslow.
Minnie Coombs.

Burt Fisher.

Jas Coombs.

HELPS

FOR J. S. WORKERS.

DEATH OF MOSES.

Deut. xxxiv. 1-12.

NOTE.—The Company leader should mention a few of the most important events of Moses' life (see below). This will secure the attention of the children and make the present lesson of increased interest.

(a) His babyhood. (b) His adoption. (c) His call. (d) The plagues. (e) Crossing the Red Sea. (f) His great work. (g) His sin. (h) His punishment.

Mount Nebo.

Picture the old man climbing the mountain alone—the different feelings which would fill his heart. He had received his marching orders from the Heavenly Headquarters, and had just been conducting his farewell meeting with the people—advising, blessing and encouraging them.

"I Have Caused Thee to see it."

God would not suffer him to enter the Promised Land, but He allowed him to die in view of it. This was the punishment of disobedience.

Moses, who had been sorely tried by the Israelites in the wilderness, on one occasion when they murmured for water, smote the rock instead of speaking only as God had commanded.

God Cannot Overlook Sin

even in the best of His children, and just as one sin kept Moses out of Canaan, so will one sin keep a soul out of the Heavenly Canaan.

Moses' Death.

It was the close of a long and chequered life.
It was the close of a useful life.

It was the close of a life of trial.
It was the close of a life in the midst of strength.

All must die whether good or bad! How necessary that we should, by the help of Jesus, live right, then at the end our hearts will be filled with peace and His presence will comfort and support us.

God Buried Him.

How mysterious! This shows the great wisdom of God. He knew the feelings of the Children of Israel, and so buried His servant Himself to prevent the idolatry that the knowledge of his sepulchre might have occasioned.

The devil had often tried to lead the people astray during the lifetime of Moses, but this man of God was a hindrance to his schemes.

Now there would seem to be a chance. He would begin at the very grave of Moses; but he was baffled. "No man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day."

"His Eye was not Dim."

What a wonderful description of the physical condition of this man. God took him away in the midst of his strength. Many have been taken similarly. We must be ready for God's time. In this case it was "Absent from the body, present with the Lord." If we live right, then if our call comes, as Moses' did—in the midst of our strength—all will be well.

Israel Weeps.

Their grief was mingled with bitter regrets because of their own wrong-doing. They had been the occasion of that sin on account of which Moses was prevented from entering the Promised Land.

They mourned over their sin when it was too late. Now their leader was gone they realized their loss and they mourned for him thirty days.

When we die if we are good we shall be missed because of the blessing help we have been, and even then our memory will still live to bless.

Illustration.—The late Mrs. General Booth. "She being dead yet speaketh." Her memory still lives in many lands.

inspiring the hearts of thousands and tens of thousands of Salvationists and others.

A wonderful Testimony.

God in olden times used to speak to His prophets and servants in dreams and visions, but Moses He knew face to face. Thus Moses was greater than the prophets.

What wonders were wrought through this one whole-souled man!
What wonders were wrought through this one consecrated life!

What wonders were wrought through this one disinterested leader!

Junior, give yourself thus to God. Boys and girls, and even very little children, have been used largely by Him "to confound the mighty and bring to naught the things that are."

Questions.

1. Where in Mount Nebo?
2. Why did not Moses enter Canaan?
3. Who buried him?
4. How old was Moses when he died?
5. Why did Israel mourn for him?

Memory Text.

"I have caused thee to see it with thine eyes, but thou shalt not go over thither."

(Stories.)

HAUNTED.

By E. G. G.

"Haunted! Yes, that is the word. I am haunted by the words of the song that that noble Salvation Army will persist in singing as they pass my door. Why in the world they should sing that to me (for I feel it is to me they sing it) I cannot imagine!"

The speaker was a lady of the middle class in England, and the song she com-

plained of was one the S. A. usually started on their march with, it ran as follows:

"Death is coming, surely coming,
And the Judgment Day;
Hasten sinner to the Saviour,
Seek the narrow way."

"Why should they sing such words to me," continued she. "I, who have always lived a good life, have always paid my way, been good to the poor, fed the hungry, clothed the naked, given coal to those who had none—what more could I do? Then to be called a 'sinner' by those noisy Army folks! No doubt they do good by reclaiming the drunkard, but to sing such words to me! I, who have, I say, lived such a good moral life. Then again, why should they say 'Death is coming.' Oh, it cannot be I am going to die. Still I cannot get it out of my mind!"

Poor, weak, misguided sinner! Did she think of getting to heaven by any or all of her good works? No! But thank God the Army did not stop singing till she came to the foot of the Cross and throwing all her good works away, prayed for mercy, and then she could thank God for that song of the S. A.

The very next time the writer called on her, her face was bright. "Now," she said, "I can see why those Army people were allowed to sing to me. Oh, I was blind, blind to think a poor, weak sinner like me could buy salvation, or to remember the mite I had given, when the dear Saviour had given so much for me—even Himself. My journey on this earth is nearly done. I shall soon go to give an account of my life here below, and I shudder to think what would have been my doom had it not been for that once-departed Salvation Army. Now I can say if it be the Lord's will to allow death to come, I am ready so long as He is with me. I am not afraid. All glory to Him and thanks to that noble Salvation Army."

LET GOD BE THE AUTHOR OF ALL YOUR ACTIONS.

A HUMAN TIGRESS TAMED

Mrs. Dyer, of Ipswich, Tells Her Remarkable Story to a "Cry" Man.

A WONDERFUL INSTANCE OF THE TRANSFORMING POWER OF THE GRADE OF GOD.

The Salvation Army can show hundreds of the most wonderful cases of conversion in print at the blessed text that "God can save from the uttermost to the uttermost"; but we question if the work of the Army can produce a more wonderful trophy of Divine grace than the subject of this life-story—Mrs. Dyer, of Ipswich County. Her conversion is a miracle, and has caused as great a sensation in the town as if some one had miraculously been killed.

Magistrates, policemen and publicans, who know her as well, are astonished at the change. Her conversion has come as a revelation to the nominal Christian that God is as present and as real today as He was in the days of the prophets.

Even an atheist of several years' profession, has admitted that many miracles recorded in the Bible can easily be accepted as true in the face of such an overwhelming, living miracle as Sister Dyer, of Ipswich County.

She has been a terrible drunkard and a notorious sinner, and has been in prison fifty-three times. She sent her first husband into a lunatic asylum, through cutting his head with a poker and depriving him of his reason. Seven policemen were often needed to arrest her, and on one occasion she fought out a policeman's eye with a strong biting needle. She often sent the victims of her violence to the hospital. In addition to her drinking she indulged in smoking the substance of seven ounces of twist per week.

As she told her life story to a War Cry representative she seemed to be filled with horror and loathing at her past life, and as she related to the reporter that she had once been in the hospital she shed tears of deep gratitude to God for having changed her heart and cast out her devil that once held possession of her.

EARLY LIFE.

I WAS born at Long, my parents were farmer-folk and were good, respectable people; but I was a wild, unmanageable girl, as always were my own way. I was a boy in character and spirit, and I loved to romp about and was seldom out of mischief. I married a sailor, and as he was near the end of his life, I went to work in a laundry at Tibbury. I began to drink and frequent public-houses, and being of a masculine nature I loved a road.

Fair and Square Stand-up Fight.

I only had one companion (a sister) and I encouraged her to drink and fight. One time we got mixed up in a fight and I kept four policemen to take me into custody. As my sister was a married woman with three children I paid her fine and went to prison myself. I heard that the fastest law then that it was possible for anyone to descend to such depths of sin as I have done. I kept out of trouble as long as I kept out of public-houses. But directly I got drunk into me my animal spirit seemed to increase a hundredfold; drink seemed to rouse a hell within me.

I was a Human Violence.

and couldn't help giving vent to my devilry.

When still a young woman I became a wanderer by my own choice. I went pen-picking here and hawk-picking there. One time I was a hawker, and being a handy needlewoman I made up all my own stock, consisting of children's minidresses, underclothing and fancy goods. In the summer months I lived in a tent, and during the winter months I did well at hawking, but directly I got into town the programme was changed to—

Drink—Fighting—Prison!

I used to smoke an ounce of tobacco every day—broke twelve shillings every week. I've been in prison fifty-three times for drunkenness and assault, and I would have been going in and out of prison yet but for the Salvation Army!

WHAT A LIFE!

My name often appeared in the police-court reports of the newspapers, and I gained an unenviable popularity. One night I came home drunk, smashed my husband's head open with a poker and deprived him of his reason. He had to be taken

To a Lunatic Asylum,

where he lingered a long time and then died.

I don't remember how much "time" I did for this; but it was a serious affair. I can't understand how I've got out of the hangman's hands during all these years of sin, for I have often left the victims of my violence unconscious in a pool of blood!

Once, in Yarmouth, I was drinking in a pub and a woman called "Newcastle Rachel" drank my beer.

"Why have you mopped up my 'family trouble'?" I asked. "You're the best woman in the house," she said, trying to bully me. "I'm the champion lady-boxer of the world."

I encouraged her on to fight. I pretended I was afraid, and drew her on to her doom. I let her strike me a few times, and then pulled her up and wiped the windows with her and swept the floor with her, throw her up to the ceiling and let her drop on her head a few times. I nearly killed her.

I Left Her in Her Blood,

lying unconscious. She was taken to a

hospital to get repaired and glued together. "I took you into custody," he said to me, taking out the bracelet. I set my foot firmly on the floor, and throwing my body slightly forward, struck him in the stomach with my right fist, and sent him flying to the other end of the room as quick as if he had been struck by the buffer of an express train at full speed. He began to spit blood, and crawled out holding his chest bent-up like a triangle.

I was now determined to

Paint the Town Red.

with blood, and I stood in a corner and challenged anyone to "come on." I knocked them down as fast as they came. I smashed a knuckle on my left hand, got some teeth knocked out and my face out of it. It looked like a railway track!

At last it took ten policemen to get me to the cells, and thinking I'd been bitten by a mad dog a doctor was called in, and while I was still held under re-



straint he injected morphia into the back of my neck, which quickly produced stupor. In the morning I awoke sick and dizzy.

I got a well-earned stiff sentence for this "night out."

Another time I was playing in a pub at "twenty-fives"—that is a game of cards, and I won three pots of beer. The man who lost called me something I never heard, and very soon there was a fight and the bar was completely wrecked. I landed him in my arms like a baby, and when I was tired

I Left him for Dead on the Floor

His face was like a plum-pudding out in two with a hatchet. He lay in hospital a long time, and I lay somewhere else a long time.

The Prince of Wales opened out the new public buildings at Yarmouth some time ago, which included a new police-court. I was the very first offender who appeared there, and I was the only one on that occasion.

"We'll let you off cheaply," the affable magistrate said. "One month."

I made a low courtesy, and said, "Thank you, sir. God bless you for it! I do the little bit smiling," and went away smiling.

"For I Know what it is to Be There"

That's how much I cared. I've been in

many prisons—Canterbury, Springfield, Norwich, Maidstone, Cheshamford, Ipswich, Yarmouth, and others.

A VIOLENT VECAGE.

I didn't know my own strength. It generally took seven policemen to arrest me; three or four only were no use. I used to knock them down like nuns and jump on them. I once

Lifted a Policeman's Eye Clean Out

with a strong sack-needle! There was no fun about this. I was raging mad with drink, and was like an escaped tigress. Six policemen and I were rolling chunks of flesh out of the policeman's arms, or any part of their bodies I could fasten my teeth into. At last they got me to the police-station, and after an hour's hard work they succeeded in lashing me securely to an iron pillar in the centre of the cell. My limbs were fastened, and my whole body was wound round and round with a steel chain. From 1:30 p.m. to 5:30 a.m. I was chained to this pillar. When the fury of my temper had spent itself,

the policeman came from the cell to release me. They backed out one by one, and I remember leaving a cage, and as the last one was backing out I made a dash for the door, but I was a second too late, for the door was shut and I was left in a cage. Then I started to smash up the cell. Fourteen panes of glass were gone in a twinkling. The "plank" bed was broken up, the wash-basin was destroyed with my teeth, and only because there was nothing left to smash up, I settled down for a few hours' rest, which I enjoyed for this little bit, but I came out of prison worse than I went in, and only felt sorry that I had not sent all the policemen to the hospital with broken limbs. I got so used to prison-life that it ceased to have any terrors for me.

A NEW CREATION.

Last time I was chained up to the iron pillar in the cell I began to sing,

"My Home is Here, My Home is Here!"

I'd heard the Salvation Army singing

through the town, "My beautiful, beautiful home!"

I felt the thought that the next time I should sing this would be in a Salvation Army barracks.

It was the open-air that attracted me to the place. I felt drawn towards me. I went to the inside meeting with my sleeve rolled up, just in fighting attitude, and during the meeting I felt my story come. I realized that "The Son of Man came to seek and save the lost, and I went out to the mercy-seat just as I was. I didn't even wait to pull down my sleeve. I went fully understanding what I was doing, and

God saved My Soul,

and my body as well. I'd been a hard drinker and drinker for years; but God gave me a will-power and enabled me to

Smash My Pipe

and say, "No more of the old life, for I am 'a new creature in Christ Jesus!'"

Last week a police-sergeant said, in a tone of surprise and bewilderment, "Mrs. Dyer, what's the matter? You haven't been to see me for a long time. It's really not true what we hear, is it?"

The policemen are all glad. So is every body else except my second husband, for I've smashed his head twice with the poker.

"Sarah," he says, "I'd downright glad

you've joined the Army! Stick to them, old lass! God bless them!" but there, not all-in-all, because he'll join the Army before long, my conversion has made a deep impression upon him.

As we looked into the dear woman's sweet face, and saw tears of joy glistening in her eyes, we felt that we could not doubt God's power to save even the worst and vilest of our fellow-creatures—British Cry.

Trimminings : FROM THE TRADE.

BY THE MANAGER.

CAPTAIN STOLLIKER informs me that during the past two months he has published twelve copies and copies to the extent of 27. This is entirely in addition to his daily labor.

Anyone wishing to sit himself as a successful newspaper manager may receive official training to make him successful as a booster from this office.

Mr. Mairhead, manager of our Photo Engraving Department, has had his watch having been stolen, and about ten years ago. Faithfully it has ticked its time, just recently it has sustained some internal injury by a fall from its position, and it was purely accidental.

"The Local Officer" is certainly the magazine for our veteran Local Officers. The invitation to subscriptions is as follows: "If you will be mailed from England direct to you and will only cost you five pence per year."

The following letters contain good news, something that encourages your spirit, and makes him feel all sorts of good things about you.

Orilla, Ont.

Staff-Capt. Horn, Toronto.

My dear Staff-Captain—Goods to hand. Am especially pleased with gurnsey. Thanks for your previous attention. God bless you.

From Young, Capt.

Glen Ree, Ont.

Dear Sir—

Goods received all right, and quite satisfactory as to fit, etc., and about the best bargain I ever saw in clothing. May it always be a true outward sign of the "whole armor of God," is the prayer of Yours in the war, J. B. Craig.

Sherbrooke.

Dear Staff-Captain—

I received just all O. K. Gives perfect satisfaction. Five well-come a week before expected. Thank you for filling orders so promptly. Yours in the S. A. war, Geo. H. Nyland, Capt.

Thessalon.

Dear Staff-Captain—

Goods to hand, and are perfectly satisfactory. I am especially pleased with business, and wish you all success. Yours to win, A. Rowan.

Grand Forks, N. D.

Staff-Capt. Horn, Toronto, Can.

Dear Staff-Captain—I am glad that I must write a line to you just to tell you how perfectly satisfied I am with the uniform I received the other day through our Provincial Headquarters from you.

The fit could have been better had I been in person to the Tailoring Department and been measured there. The cloth for quality and color are first class, and cannot fail to wear well.

I wish you every success in your efforts to please your customers, and shall not fail to recommend you to all.

God is with us here. I welcome in for a good share of His heavenly blessings. God bless you. Yours in the Army, A. Goodwin, Adjt.

A series of articles appearing in the London Daily Mail tell of Great Britain's "falling behind in the great industrial race." During twelve years from 1883 to 1905 the United Kingdom's army, and France show an increase of exports to the amount of over 300,000,000, whereas that of the United Kingdom shows a decrease of 55,000,000. These articles are attracting much attention.

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